

DIRE STRAITS



Rondor




chappell

DIRE STRAITS

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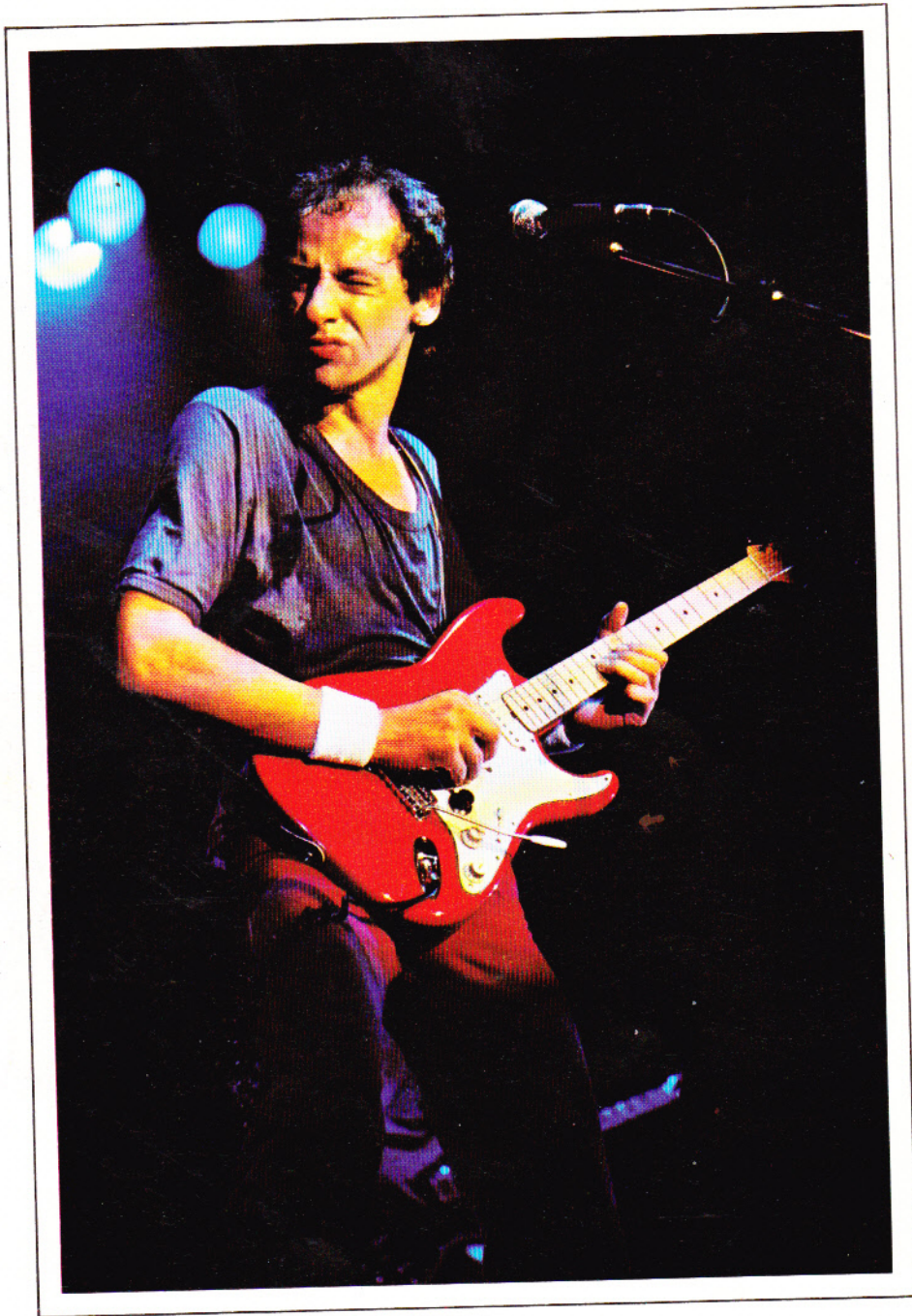
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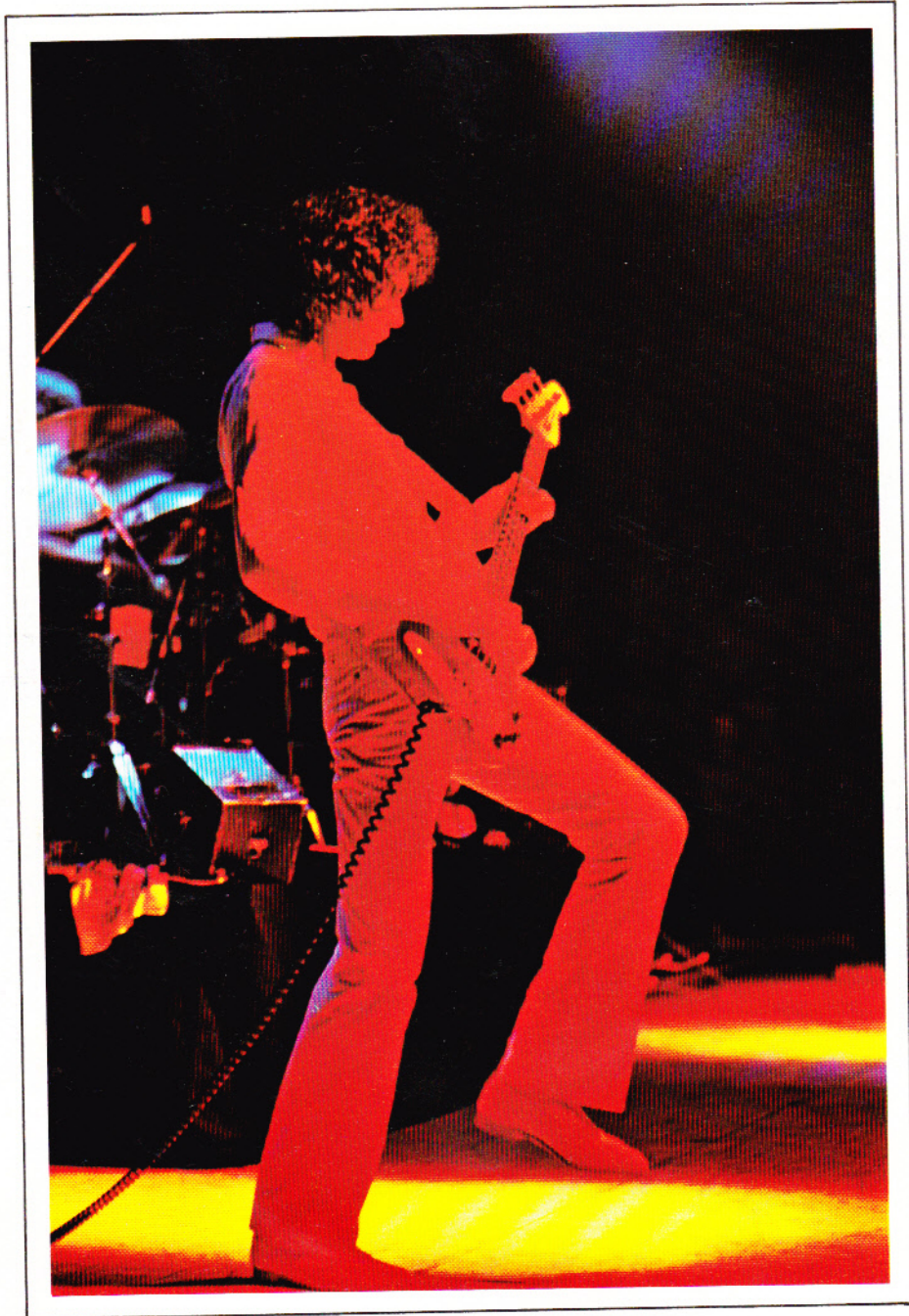
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MARK KNOPFLER



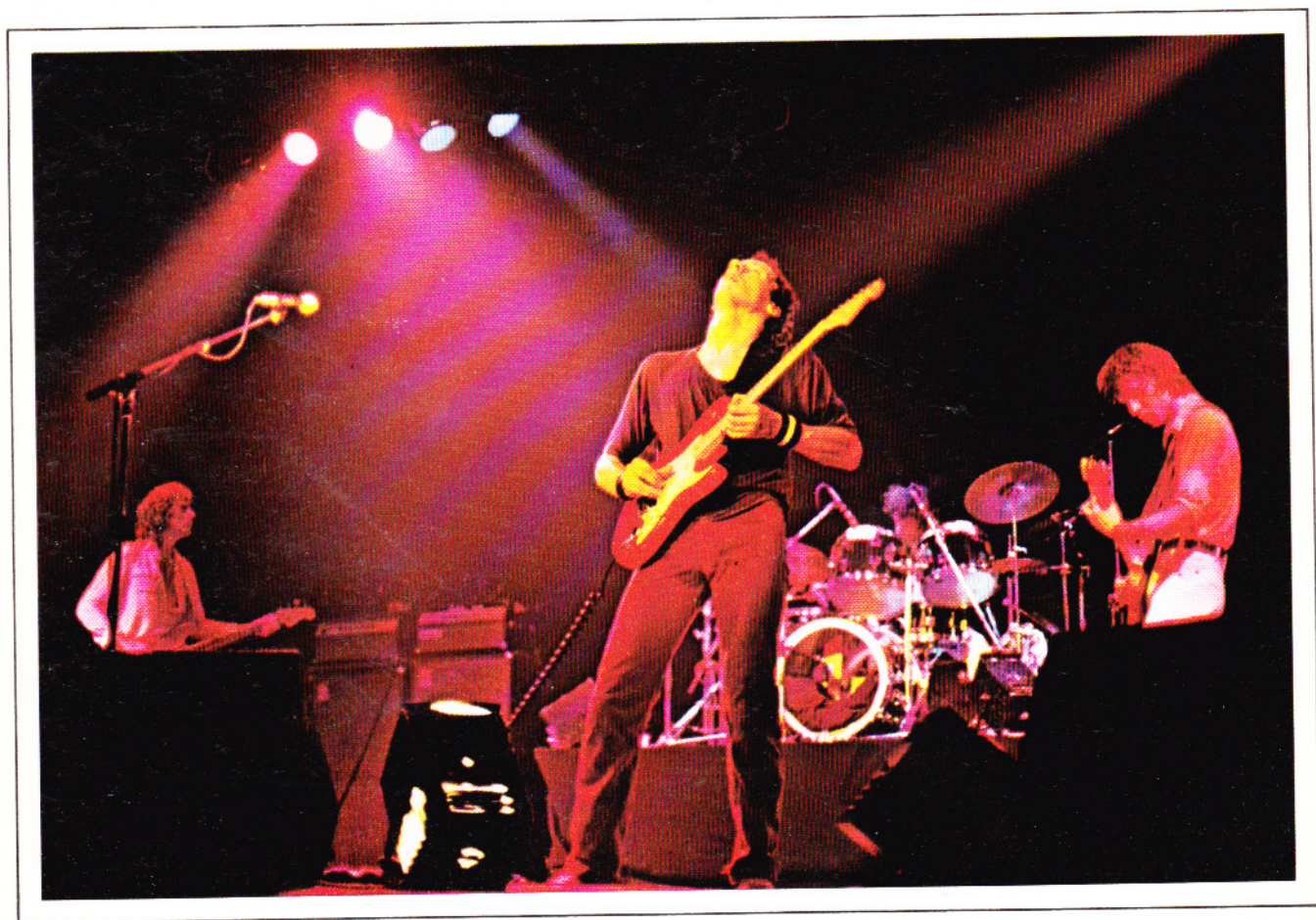
DAVID KNOPFLER



JOHN ILLSLEY



 **PICK WITHERS**



Bring! Bring! ... Brring! Brring! ...

"Yes, who is it?"

"John Stainze from Phonogram"

"Oh bloody hell, I haven't got time to talk to him! ... oh, go on then, put him through."

"Elo, Ed?"

"Yes, hello John, what can I do you for then?"

"Well, we've just signed this new band 'Dire Straits' and I was wondering ..."

hang on, hang on. What a terrible name ..."

"Nah come on Ed, seriously, they're great and they need some work and I was wondering if you'd be interested in being their agent?"

"Look John, you know I only handle American acts.

I've got an opening slot going on the Talking Heads tour next January though. What are they like?"

"Great. I've got a demo tape here, why don't you come round and give it a listen?"

"But I'm busy".

"Come on, come over now. Seriously, they're great ..."

Well luckily for me, John Stainze persisted and at about 5.45pm on December 9th 1977 I got my first taste of Dire Straits. I was sufficiently impressed to go and see them at Dingwalls (a north London 'hip' night club) the following Tuesday, and knew after thirty seconds of "Down To The Waterline" that I wanted to manage them. I remember that several things struck me at the time (apart from flying bottles): firstly, the band played at a comfortable volume and I didn't find myself flying through the back wall of the club, secondly Mark played guitar like Hank Marvin would have done if he'd taken L.S.D., thirdly they looked good, and lastly the songs were superb. With a brilliant, dynamic manager at the helm, how could they go wrong.

The story of the manager has yet to be told (shortly to appear in my book titled "Everyone A Scumbag") but meanwhile, here are the songs, including the commas. I wonder if I'll get to write the intro for Volume 2?

Ed Bicknell

DOWN TO THE WATERLINE

words & music by
mark knopfler



in the sha-dow of — the car-goes i take — you one time we're
a fog horn blow - in' out all wild and cold — a

count-in' all the num-bers down to the wa-ter-line — yes —
po-lice-man he shines a light on my shoul-der —

2.3. Bm G

3 solo

Bm G A

Bm 4. Bm

(to verse 3)
(to verse 4) wa-ter - line —

The image displays three staves of musical notation, likely for a piano accompaniment. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and accidentals. Above the staves, chord symbols are indicated: G, Bm, A, and Bm9. The first staff shows a G chord, the second staff shows Bm and A chords, and the third staff shows G and Bm9 chords. The music is written in a style that suggests a ballad or a slow, reflective piece.

3. up comes a coaster fast and silent in the night
over my shoulder all you can see are the pilot lights
no money in our jackets and our jeans are torn,
your hands are cold but your lips are warm.

4. she can see him on the jetty where they used to go
she can feel him in the places where the sailors go
when she's walking by the river and the railway line,
she can still hear him whisper, let's go down to the waterline.

IN THE GALLERY

11

words & music by
mark knopfler

slow tempo

mf

har-ry made a bare-back rid-er
peo-ple have to paint and draw—

proud and free — up - on a horse
har-ry had to work in clay and stone

Bbm Eb Bbm Eb7 Bbm Eb

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B \flat m D \flat E \flat A \flat sus4 B \flat E \flat
 and a fine coal min - er
 like the waves com-in' in to the shore

B \flat m E \flat B \flat m E \flat
 for the n. e. b. that was—
 it was in his blood— and in his bones—

B \flat m D \flat A \flat B \flat m E \flat
 he was ig - nored by all a fall-en an - gel
 the trend-y boys in

B \flat m E \flat 1. B \flat m E \flat
 lon-don yes and in — a je - sus on the cross —
 leads

B \flat D \flat E \flat A \flat B \flat m E \flat
 a skat-ing bal-ler- in - a

B \flat m E \flat B \flat m E \flat
 you should have seen her do the ska-ter's' waltz —

B \flat m D \flat A \flat | 2. 3. 4. 5. B \flat m
 some he might as well have been mak-ing toys —

D \flat A \flat D \flat
 or strings of beads — he could-n't be

A \flat
 he could-n't be

E \flat B \flat m E \flat B \flat m E \flat
 in the gall-er-y

mp

to Coda D. S al

$B\flat m$ $E\flat sus4$ $B\flat m$ $E\flat$
 in the gall-er-y
 to verse 3
 to verse 4 (instr)
 to verse 5 3

Coda $B\flat m$ $E\flat 7$ $B\flat m$ $E\flat$
 har - ry made a bare - back rid - er

$B\flat m$ $E\flat$ $B\flat m$ $E\flat$
 made a bare - back rid - er 3

$B\flat m$ $E\flat 7$ $B\flat m$ $E\flat$

$B\flat m$ $E\flat 7$ $B\flat m$ $E\flat 7$



harry made a bareback rider
 proud and free upon a horse
 and a fine coal miner
 for the n.c.b. that was
 a fallen angel
 a jesus on the cross
 a skating ballerina
 you should have seen her do the skater's waltz

some people have got to paint and draw
 harry had to work in clay and stone
 like the waves comin' to the shore
 it was in his blood and in his bones
 he was ignored by all
 the trendy boys in london
 yes, and in leeds
 he might as well have been making toys
 or strings of beads
 he couldn't be, no he couldn't be in the gallery
 in the gallery

and then you get an artist
 he says he doesn't want to paint at all
 and he takes an empty canvas
 sticks it on the wall
 the birds of a feather
 all the phonies and all of the fakes
 while the dealers they get together
 then they decide who gets the breaks
 and who's gonna be ha ha!
 who's gonna be in the gallery, in the gallery

instrumental

no lies, he wouldn't compromise
 no junk, no string
 and all the lies we subsidise them
 that just don't mean a thing
 i've got to say
 he passed away in obscurity
 and now all the vultures
 they're comin' down from the tree
 and he's gonna be
 yeah he's gonna be in the gallery, in the gallery

LIONS

words & music by
mark knopfler

medium tempo
D

p grad. cresc.

Dm

Bm7

F#7-10

Bm7

red church sun bell

mf

D

A

G7

goes down way ov - er dir - ty town
cling-ing on try'n' to get a crowd for ev - en-song

Bm7

D

A

no- bod - y cares star-lings are sweep-ing a-round cra - zy shoals-
to de - pend up - on the chime it plays -

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E7 Bm7 D

yes and a girl — is there —
they're all in the sta - tion pray-ing for trains —

A G7 Bm7

high heel-ing it a - cross the square — wind it blows a
the con-gre-ga - tions late a - gain — it's get-ting dark-er

D A

round in her hair — and the flags up-on the
all the time — these flag - pole

E9 Em7

poles wait-ing in the crowd to cross at the light —
days drunk old sol-dier he gives her a fright — he's a

F#7-9 F#7 Bm7

she looks a-round to find a face — she can like —
cra-zy li-on howl-ing for — a — fight —

1. $F^{\#}m$ $Bm7$ $F^{\#}$ $C9$

ah

2. $F^{\#}$ $C9$ $Bm7$ D

ad. lib. solo

A $G9$ $Bm7$ (ad. lib.)

$F^{\#}m7$ Bm $F^{\#}m$ $F^{\#}7-10$ $D. \text{ } \frac{3}{4} \text{ (3rd verse) al}$

coda G A G

i'm think-ing 'bout the li - ons think - ing 'bout the

A G A

li - ons what hap-pened to the li - ons to -

3 times Bm F#m Bm

- night to night

3 times A(no 3rd) Repeat (ad lib treatment) till fade

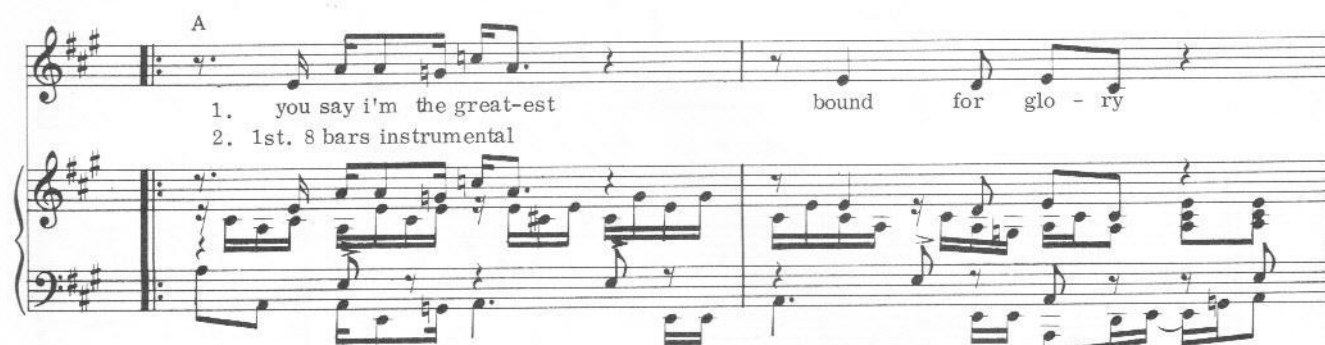
think - ing 'bout the li- ons

3. strap hanging gunshot sound,
 doors slamming on the overground.
 starlings are tough but the lions are made of stone.
 her evening paper is horror torn
 but there's hope later for capricorns,
 her lucky stars give her just enough to get her home.
 then she's reading about a swing to the right
 but she's been thinking 'bout a stranger in the night.

SETTING ME UP

words & music by
mark knopfler

moderately slow (fast 2 feel)



G D7 A

pull - ing out be - fore you get burned and your

hands — are squeez-in' me down — to the bone — i
 2. you think i care a - bout your re - ac - tion

Em D7

nev-er saw you break - ing no law
 you think i don't un - der - stand

A

stands to rea - son i've got to leave you a - lone —
 all you want - ed was a piece of the ac - tion now you

G D7 A C

what are you tak - ing me for you're set - ting me up —
 talk a - bout an - oth - er man

The musical score is written for a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into six systems, each with a vocal staff and a piano staff. Chord markings (G, D7, A, Em, C) are placed above the vocal staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves, with some lines having multiple verses (e.g., '2. you think i care a - bout'). The piano accompaniment features a mix of chords and moving lines, with some sections having a more rhythmic, percussive feel.

A7 D

to put me down

E7

you're just a - mak - ing me out —

E (sus 4) A A7

to be your clown —

you're just set - ting me up — to put me down —

D

you bet - ter

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song, page 22. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment in A major. The score is divided into six systems. The first system has a vocal line with the lyrics 'to put me down' and a piano accompaniment. The second system has the lyrics 'you're just a - mak - ing me out —'. The third system has the lyrics 'to be your clown —' and includes a '(sus 4)' marking. The fourth system has the lyrics 'you're just set - ting me up —' and 'to put me down —'. The fifth system has the lyrics 'you bet - ter'. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass staves, notes, rests, and chords (A7, D, E7, E, A, D). The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and a more active treble line with chords and arpeggios.

E (sus 4)

give it up — yeh give it up — quit your mess-ing a-round —

1.

A

instrumental on repeat

2.

E7 ad lib solo

A E7

A A (no 3rd)

SIX BLADE KNIFE

words & music by
mark knopfler

moderate tempo

Am7 C D Am7 C D

2 x fill ad lib

Am7 C D Am7 1 C D

2. C D Am7 C D

your six blade - knife can do an - y - thing for you -
(D,C) (3) ev - 'ry take a - way my mind like you take a - way the top of a tin -

Am7 C D Am7

when you come up from be - hind and lay -

C D7 Am7 C D7

an - y - thing you wan - na do
it - down cold on my - skin took a stone -

Am7 C D7 Am7

one blade for break-ing my heart, — one blade for
from my soul when i was lame just so you could

C D7 Am7 C D To Coda

tear-ing me — a-part, your six blade knife can do an-y-thing — for you —
make me tame — yes you take a - way my mind — like you take a -way the top of a tin —

1. Am7 C D 2. Am7 C D

you can —

Dm7 C G

i'd like to be — free — of it now — i don't

D Dm7 C

want it no more — i'd rath-er be — free — of it now

(you know) i don't want it no more

do an-y thing for you

an-y-thing-

repeat with ad lib guitar till fade

3. ev'rybody got a knife,
 it can be just what they want it to be.
 a needle, a wife, or something that you just can't see.
 a six blade knife it keeps you strong
 yes and it'll do me wrong,
 your six blade knife
 do anything for you

SOUTHBOUND AGAIN

27

words & music by
mark knopfler

[- - - - - 4 beat feel - - - - -]

4th time to verse 3

3rd, time instrumental

A7(no 3rd)

Am7

south - bound a - gain

-ry sin - gle time -

A7(no 3rd)

Am7

G

i don't know if i'm

roll a - cross the

D

A7(no 3rd)

Am7

go - ing or leav - ing

home

roll - ing riv - er

tyne

A7(no 3rd) Am7 A7(no 3rd) Am7

south - bound a - gain
ev - 'ry sin - gle time

D7 D7

i don't know if i'm go —
roll a - cross the

Am7

— ing or leav - ing home
roll - ing riv - er tyne

but this i boy get is bound - to be
the same — old

D7

mov - ing — seems like the boy -
feel - ing — ev - 'ry time i'm

D7sus4 A7(no 3rd) Am7

is bound to roam
mov - ing down the line —

1 2 3
to coda ev - er - D.C. al

3 x inst.

coda A7(no 3rd) repeat (ad lib solo) till fade

3. southbound again
last night i felt like crying (like crying)
southbound again
last night i felt like crying.
right now i'm sick of living
but i'm gonna keep on trying

WATER OF LOVE

words & music by
mark knopfler

moderate tempo

D

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D9 D

lost and lone-ly in
cry - ing out — for some

ev - er - y way — got the
sooth - ing rain —

Am

flats all a - round — me the sky up a - bove —
i be — lieve i have ta - ken en - ough —

D

guess i need a lit - tle
guess i need a lit - tle

(-10) 1. D7-10

wat - er of love
wat - er of love —

2. I've been



Am

wat - er of love —

G

deep in the ground — but there ain't no wa - ter here —

D

Am

Am7

to be found — some day ba — by when the riv - er runs free it's gon - na

to coda
D

D.C. al

coda
D

D.C. al

car - ry that wa - ter of love to me —

love to me (river of)

coda

D

D

love to me —

C G7

Am C6 Repeat (ad lib guitar) till fade

3. there's a bird up in a tree, sitting' up high
sits there waiting for me to die.
if i don't get some water soon
i'll be dead and gone in the afternoon.
water of love deep in the ground
but there ain't no water here to be found.
some day baby when the river runs free,
it's gonna carry that water of love to me.

4. once i had a woman i could call my own
once i had a woman now my woman she's gone
once there was a river now there's a stone
you know it's evil when you're living alone.
water of love deep in the ground
but there ain't no water here to be found.
some day baby when the river runs free,
it's gonna carry that water of love to me.

WILD WEST END

words & music by
mark knopfler

slow tempo

mf

f

3

D

Em7

G

step-ping out to an-ge-luc-ci's—
-duc-tress on the num-ber nine - teen shewasa hon — cy for my cof-fee beans—

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D Em7 G

check-ing out the mov-ies and the mag-a-zines—
pink toe - nails and hands all — dir - ty with the mon-ey

D Em7 G

the wait-ress she watch - es me cross-ing from the ba-roc-co bar.—
greas-y greas-y greas-y hair ea - sy smile—

D Em7 G

i get a pick-up for my steel gui-tar — saw you
she made me feel nine-teen for a while —

§ D Em7 G

(§ is verse 3) walk-ing out — shafts - bu - ry av - en - ue
and i went down — to chi - na - town —

D Em7 G

ex - cuse me talk - ing i wan-na mar - ry you —
in the back room it's a man's - world all the mon-ey go down —

D Em7 G

this is sev - enth hea - ven street don't you be so proud -
 duck in - side the door - way got - ta duck to eat -

D Em7 G

you're just an - oth - er an - gel in - the crowd - and i'm
 there ain't no way you and me we can't beat - and i'm

D Em7 G

walk - ing in the wild west end —

D Em7 G

walk - ing in the wild west end —

D Em7 G To Coda

walk - ing with your wild best friend —

Am G F D C D

now my con (to verse 3)
now a (to verse 3)

ϕ coda Am G F D C D

rit.

3. now a go-go dancing girl,
yes i saw her
the dee-jay he say,
here's mandy for ya
i feel alright to see her,
but she's paid enough to do that stuff,
she's dancing high, i move on by
the close-ups can get rough
and i'm walking in the wild west end.
walking in the wild west end
walking with your wild best friend.

SULTANS OF SWING

easy tempo
Dm

C B \flat
 dix-ie dou-ble four — time — you feel al-right
 -ti- tion too ma-ny oth-er pla-ces. — ah but the

1. Dm B \flat
 when you hear the mu-sic ring. —
 horns they're blow-in' that

C 1. 2. 4. 5. 6. Dm B \flat
 2. well now you sound —

C B \flat C
 way on down — south way on down south

Dm B \flat C
 lon-don town.

3

to \oplus coda after last verse D. $\text{sal } \oplus$

3. you check out
(To 3rd verse)

\oplus coda

Repeat with ad lib
solos till fade

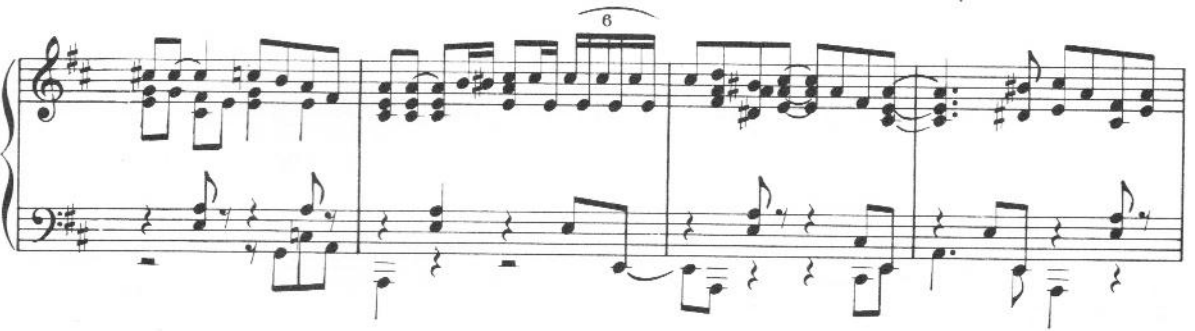
ADDITIONAL VERSES

3. you check out guitar george, he knows all the chords.
mind he's strictly rhythm, he doesn't want to make it cry or sing.
this and an old guitar is all he can afford,
when he gets up under the lights to play his thing.
4. and harry doesn't mind if he doesn't make the scene.
he's got a daytime job, he's doin' all right.
he can play the honky-tonk like anything,
savin' it up for friday night
with the sultans, with the sultans of swing.
5. and a crowd of young boys, they're foolin' around in the corner,
drunk and dressed in their best brown baggies and their platform soles.
they don't give a damn about any trumpet playin' band;
it ain't what they call rock and roll.
and the sultans, yeah the sultans, they played creole.
6. instrumental
7. and then the man, he steps right up to the microphone
and says, at last, just as the time-bell rings:
"good night, now it's time to go home."
and he makes it fast with one more thing:
"we are the sultans, we are the sultans of swing."

COMMUNIQUE

41

words & music by
mark knopfler



Bm G A7-9 A#0 Bm

we wan-na get a state-ment— for je-sus' sake
may-be he could talk a - bout the tricks of the trade

G A Bm G

it's like a talk-ing to the wall he's in - com - u - ni - ca - do no
may-be he can talk a - bout him - self may-be he could talk a - bout the

F#7/A# Bm A G

com - ment to make — he's say - ing noth - ing at all —
mon - ey that he made may — be he's be say - ing some - thing

A G D/F#

else yeah but in the com - mu - ni - que you know he's
but in the
but in the

Em7 D/F# G D/F# Em7 D/F#

gon - na come clean think what he say — say — what he means may—

G D/F# Em7 D/F#

— be on a mon - day he's got some-thing to say —
he'll have

G A

com - mu - ni - ca — tion — com - mu - ni -

Bm to ♪ coda 1. A

- que com - mu - ni - que

A

que

A

well now the

ru-mours are fly - ing

spec - u - la - tion rife —

they

say that he's been try — ing some —

one else's wife some - bo - dy at the air - port some -

- bo - dy on the phone says he's at the sta - tion and he's com-ing home a-lone -

coda

Bm A A

com-mu-ni - que

Repeat (ad lib treatment) till fade

3. then we get the story
 the serious piece
 and a photograph taken in the hall
 and you don't have to worry with the previous release
 right now he's saying nothing at all
 but in the communique you know he's gonna come clean
 think what he say say what he mean
 maybe on a monday he'll have something to say
 communication
 communique
 communique

ANGEL OF MERCY

words & music by
mark knopfler

well there's a pet-er pan moon shep-herd's de-light i got the
(half spoken) too late for talkin' we can talk later on let the

dra - gon at noon — yes and i won the fight — now i
sax - o - phone play us till the cho - rus of dawn — all i

want my re - ward — in hea - ven to - night — just like you
need is a lit - tle o - bliv - ion you don't need pro -

pro-mised an — gel of mer - cy you'll
tec - tion well now here — come the moon — light

C E D C

come to no harm— an-gel of mer-cy there's no need for a-larm— the
down on your bed— an-gel of mer-cy let your heart rule your head— i

E D C

knight in his ar-mour wants a night in your arms— you know he's
don't want your mon-ey i want you in-stead— don't need re-

D G D G C

hon-est— an-gel of mer-cy an-
-ject-ion—

G D D9 G

— gel de-light— give— me— my re-ward in— hea-ven to-night and if i

C G

give up my sword— won't you give me the right— sweet an—

1. 2. D

— gel de — light — well now it's an — gel of mer — cy give me

hea — ven to — night and if you cross your heart spit and swear up — on the grave of your

moth — er you got — ta get in — to it you got — ta

tell me that i'm more than a lov — er

instr. D E D C D

E D C E D

C D

D. $\frac{3}{4}$ al ϕ

ϕ coda G C G

hea - ven to - night — an - gel of mer - cy an — gel de - light — give —

D D9 G C

me — my re - ward in — hea - ven to - night and if i give up my sword — won't you

G D G

give me the right — sweet an — gel of mer - cy give me hea - ven to - night —

FOLLOW ME HOME

words & music by
mark knopfler

7 times G/B A/D

pp cresc poco a poco

Em7 G/B Em/D Em G/B A/D Em7 G/B Em7/D

1. oh well the

8 times ad lib treatment 3. instr.

mf

Em7 G/B Em7/D Em7 G/B A/D Em7 G/B Em7/D

sun go down cel - e - bra - tion in the
2. priest he cries vir - gin as - cend - ing to the
4. well i don't need no priest but i love all of the peo - ple yes i

Em7 Em7/B Em/D Em7 G/B Em G6/D G6/B Am7

town to-night all day long — they been slaugh - ter - ing up - on the stone —
skies to-night all day long — i have passed my time — a - lone
share the feast so drink up my wine — yes and the song in my bones —

Em7 Em7/B A/D Em7 Em7/B Em7/D Em G/B Em7/D

share out the meat —
and when the church bell rung —
i know the way —

Em7 Em7/B A/D Em7 Em7 Em7/B D

yeah — you real-ly like to eat
i stayed out on the tow-er in the dy-ing sun — now
i can see by the moon-light clear as the day—

G Em/B Em7 D to coda 1. Em Em7/B A/D

come on wo-man come — fol - low me home —
come on wo-man come — fol - low me home -
come on wo-man come — fol - low me home—

Em7 Em7/B Em/D 2. Em7 A Em7 Em7/B Em/D

well and the — (to 3rd verse)

3. Em Bm/D Em A 4. Em D. $\frac{\infty}{\infty}$ (instr) al $\frac{\infty}{\infty}$

(to 4th verse)

$\frac{\infty}{\infty}$ coda D. $\frac{\infty}{\infty}$ (instr) al fade

Em7 Cmaj9 D Em7 Cmaj9 D

3. instr.

4. well i don't need no priest
 but i love all of the people yes i share the feast
 so drink up my wine
 yes and the song in my bones
 i know the way
 i can see by the moonlight clear as the day
 come on woman come
 follow me home

5. instr.

LADY WRITER

53

words & music by
mark knopfler

moderato

A B C#m A B

C#m A B C#m A B

G#m A B C#m A B

la - dy writ-er on the t. v. — talk-ing a-bout the vir - gin ma -
(instrumental at D. $\frac{3}{4}$)

— ry — re-mind-ed me of you ex—pect-a-tions left to

G#m A B C#m

come up to — yeah la - dy writ-er on the t. v. —
la - dywrit-er on the t. v. —

A B C#m A B C#m
 yeah she had an-oth-er qual-i-ty the way you used to look
 she had all — the brains and the beau-ty the picture does not fit

A B G#m A
 and i know — you nev-er read a book (vocal at D. $\frac{8}{8}$) just the way — that her
 you talk to — me when you felt like it —

E A
 hair — fell — down a-round her face — and i re-

A C#m G#m F#m7
 call my fall — from grace — (last time oh yeah an-oth-er
 only)

Am C#m To Coda 1. 2. C#m
 time — an-oth-er place hey

yes and your rich old man — you know he'd call her a dead ring — er —

you got the same com-mand — plus your mo-ther was a jazz sin-ger

hey

1. la - dy writ-er on the t. v. —
 2.3. la - dy writ-er on the t. v. —
 4. Instrumental. Repeat till fade

she knew all a - bout a - his - tor - y — you could-n't hard-ly write your
 talk-ing a-bout vir - gin - ma - ry — yeah you know i'm talk-ing

name i think i want you just — the same — as the
 a - bout you and me and the la - dy wri-ter on the t. v.

instr. solo

CODA

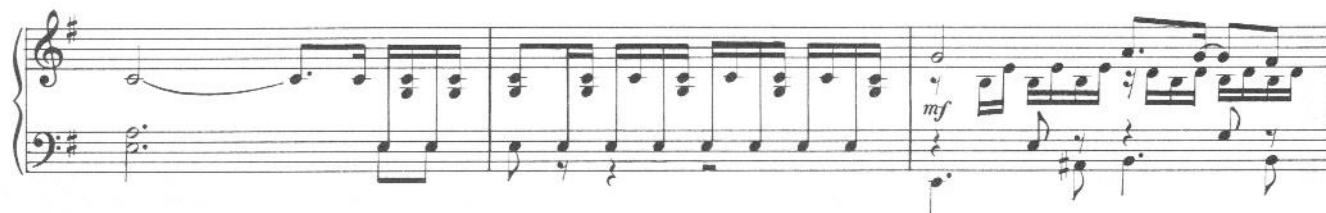
D. al (instr)

instr. solo

NEWS

words & music by
mark knopfler

moderate tempo



Em Bm7 C G6/B

he says it's a shame — you know it may be a game — ah but i
 he cross-es the floor — he o - pen the door — he take a

Am 1, 3, (4 inst) 5 2, 4 C

won't play to lose —
 sniff of the street —

D C D

and she tell him that he's cra - zy — she's a - say - ing hey ba - by i'm your

Em C D C

wife yeah she tell him that he's cra - zy

D C Am7

for gam-bl - ing a - with his life —

(to verse 3) | 6 Am

(R.H.)

3. but he climbs on his horse
 you know he feel no remorse
 he just kicks it alive
 his motor is fine
 he take it over the line
 until he's ready to dive

and she tell him that he's crazy
 she's a saying hey baby i'm your wife
 yeah she tell him that he's crazy
 for gambling with his life

4. instr.

5. he sticks to his guns
 he take the road as it comes
 it take the shine off his shoes
 he's too fast to stop
 he take it over the top
 he make a line in the news

ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST

59
words & music by
mark knopfler

mf
a piacere

p

a tempo (medium)

Am7

1. instr. solo
2. peo - ple get a cheap laugh break-
3. no use say - ing that you

D7 Am7

— ing up the speed lim - it
don't know noth - ing

yes it's still gon - na get you if you

D7 Am7

for a min - ute
don't do some - thing

cross - ing up pro - gress driv - ing on the
sit - ting on a fence that's a — dan - ger - ous

G D7

grass — leav-ing just e-nough room to pass—
course — oh you could ev-en catch a bul-let from the peace —

Am7 C Am

— keep-ing force sun-day driv—er nev-er took a test—
ev-en the he-ro gets a bul-let in the chest—

Dm G

oh — yeah — once up-on a time in the
oh — yeah — once up-on a time in the

Am7 to coda 1, 2, 3. 4, 5 Am7

west west 2. some
3. yes it's solo

Dm7 F

Am G F

♩ coda

Am7 Dm G

oh yeah once up-on a time in the

(small notes 4th time) once up-on a time —

Am7 Dm

west oh yeah

G Am7

once up-on a time in the west oh

Repeat till fade

4. instr.

5. mother mary your children are slaughtered
 some of you mothers ought to lock up your daughters
 who's protecting the innocent
 heap big trouble in the land of plenty
 tell me how we're gonna do what's best
 you guess once upon a time in the west

oh yeah once upon a time in the west
 oh yeah once upon a time in the west
 oh yeah once upon a time in the west

PORTOBELLO BELLE

words & music by
mark knopfler

moderate tempo

C

F/C C

bel - la don - na's on the high street her breasts up-on the

F/C C F/C

off - beat - and the stalls are just the side - shows

C F/C C

vic - tor - i - an - a's old clothes and yes her jeans are

tight now she got - ta tra - vel light now
 i - rish he get his mon - ey in a tin dish
 (D. ♪) rum - ble bel - la don - na's in the jun - gle

she's got - ta tear up all her roots now she got a turn up for the
 just a cor - ner ser - en - a - der u - pon a time he could have
 but she is no gar - den flow - er there ia no dis - tress in the

boots now she thinks she's tough - she ain't no eng - lish rose -
 made her (made her) (D. ♪) bel - la don - na walks bella don - na tak - ing a
 tow - er

stroll — but the blind sin - ger
 but she don't care a - bout you win - dow box —

he's seen e-nough and he knows _____ yes and he
 or your but-ton hole _____ yes and she

C

do a song a-bout a long gone i-rish girl _____
 sing a song a-bout a
 sing a song a-bout a

Bb F7 C

ah but i got one for you por-to-bell-o belle _____ to coda

Bb F C

she sees a man up-on his back there es-cap-ing from a
 yes and the bar-row boys are hawk-ing and a par-a-keet is

F C

C F

sack there
squawk - ing

and bel - la don - na lin - gers -
up - on a truck there is a rhi - no -

C F C D. ♩ al ♩

her gloves they got no fin - gers -
she get the cry - ing of a wi - no -

yeah — the blind man sing - ing
and then she hear the reg-gae

♩ coda

C F C F

9 times (ad lib)

gradual fade

C F C F

port - o - bel - lo belle —

Repeat till fade

SINGLE-HANDED SAILOR

words & music by
mark knopfler

4 beat feel

Dm7

Am/C

Dm7

G7

take repeat at D. 8

1. Dm7

2. Dm Dm C Bb

yes and a sail - ing ship - just held down in chains -
(D. 8) he's up - on the bridge on the self same night -

F Dm C Bb

the riv - er roll a - way in the night -
from the la - zy days - of sail -
the mar - in - er of dry dock land

lit-tle gyp-sy moth— she's all tied down —
 she's just a ly-ing there — in si-lent pain —
 two in the morn-ing but — there's one green light —

Dm C B \flat

she quiv-er in the wind and the light
 he lean on the tour-ist — rail
 and a man on a barge of — sand (no repeat at D. $\frac{3}{4}$)

F Dm C sus4 B \flat

1. F 2. F Am
 a moth-er and her baby and the
 she's a — gon-na slip a-way be-low-

col-lege of war — in — the con-crete graves—
 — him a-way from the things he's done —

Dm B \flat

Chords: Csus4, C, Dm, Am/C

Lyrics: but he just you nev-er wan-na fight a-against— the
shouts "hey man ———

Chords: B♭, F, Gm

Lyrics: riv-er law no - bod - y rules the waves—
what you call this thing?" he could have said "pride —

Chords: B♭, C, A7

Lyrics: — of london" yeah and on a night when the la - zy wind— is a—
on a night when the la - zy wind— is a—

Chords: Dm, C, B♭

Lyrics: - wail - ing - a-round the cut- ty sark
- wail - ing - a-round the cut- ty sark

C sus4 C Dm C (sus4) C7 B \flat

the
yeah the } sin-gle hand- ed sail - or - goes sail —

F Gm B \flat D. $\frac{3}{4}$ al \oplus

— ing sail-ing a-way — in the dark

(R.H.)

\oplus coda two times as is, then repeat with ad lib treatment till fade

Dm7

Am/C Dm7 G7 Dm7

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING ?

words & music by
mark knopfler

moderate tempo

Am F

G E7sus4 Am

where d'ya think you're go-ing
i un-der-stand your chang-es
(%) where d'ya think you're go-ing

F G

don't you know it's dark out-side
a-long be-fore you reach the door
don't you know it's dark out-side

where d'ya think you're go-ing
i know where you think you're go-ing- you
where d'ya think you're go-ing

E7sus4 E7 Am

don't you care a-bout my pride
i know what you came here for
you don't seem to care a-bout my pride

where d'ya think you're go-ing
and now i am sick of joking
and now i am sick of joking

G

i think a - you don't know
 you know i like you to be free
 you know i like you to be free

you got no way of know-ing
 a - where d'ya think ya go - ing
 a - where d'ya think ya go - ing

E7sus4

there's real-ly no place you can go
 i think you bet-ter go with me
 i think you bet-ter go with me

to coda
 Am Am/G

F Dm

1. F Am7

2. F G

you say there is no rea-son but you

Am G

still find cause to doubt — me — if you ain't with me girl —

E7sus4 Am

you're gon- na be with-out — me —

F Dm7 F D. $\frac{8}{4}$ al Φ

Φ coda Am F Dm Repeat till fade (ad lib treatment)

(c'mon)

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